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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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THE NEW LINE OF BATTLE.

President Cleveland, in his recent letter to Congressmen Catchings regarding the new tariff bill, and Congressman Wilson, in his speech on the occasion of his re-nomination, both indicate that they are ready to join hands with Major McKinley and his followers in forcing the tariff question to the front in the next presidential campaign. Moreover, the president's letter can hardly be regarded in any other light than as a bid for the nomination for the fourth time for the office of chief magistrate of the nation.

It looks now as though the people would have something to say about the lines on which the next great political battle shall be fought. Their edict has gone forth that the position of silver in the currency must be settled before any other question, and it must be settled right. By right is meant the free coinage, at least of the American product, at a ratio of 16 to 1. They will not permit this matter to be sidetracked for the tariff or anything else.

If this congress or the next shall pass a free coinage bill, and Mr. Cleveland will allow it to become a law, it is possible that he and Major McKinley might induce the people to listen to their discussion, but they will not do it while they remain in their present temper. They feel that they have been outraged and had their rights trampled upon, and they mean to have justice.

A number of congressmen who voted for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, have already felt the weight of their constituents' displeasure, and many more are destined to learn a lesson in November which they will not soon forget. When candidates for congress go before the people and try to explain their action on the tariff bill their hearers will say: "What about silver?"

We all want to respect the judiciary, but how can we when they ride on railroad passes?

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

A Burlington paper spells volume "volum" week in and week out in its "columns."

St. Scott is infected with raffles. A man who has the raffles is as bad as a man with the shingles.

During the last year Seneca stock dealers have shipped 2700 head of cattle and 18,000 head of hogs.

A man has been arrested in Leavenworth for stealing a couple of woolen blankets. But the man was drunk.

Beloit has a band called the Manifold band. Beloit people are very patient or a plain, single band would be quite sufficient.

The traveling men of Hutchinson will play those of Wichita September 22 and 23. The steel armor for the empire is in course of construction.

Two Burlington horsemen had their pictures in a Chicago paper recently, but they wouldn't have minded it if Joe Patchen had beaten Robert J.

One hundred carloads of hay are being bought by a Nebraska man in Bourbon county to ship to his ranch. It will be sent out in three solid trains.

The Hiawatha World now runs a headline clear across its front page patterning after the Atchison Globe. The similarity ends with the type however.

During the soldiers' reunion at Delphi a Beloit baker hauled 1,000 loaves of bread over in an open dray through the dust. Soldiers like grit, though.

Four surgeons attended a little 11-year-old boy at Leavenworth who crushed his foot. The boy was lucky to get away from such an aggregation with one foot even.

A Hiawatha man who has been married just two weeks has been sentenced to the Bourbon county jail for selling liquor. Some men it drives to drink and others to sell other men drink.

A bicycle rider has started from Hiawatha overland to Graham county. Hiawatha seems to think the arid western counties are not wholly useless if they can be made the repository of bentovers.

The state fair association has mailed premium lists and complimentary tickets to about 500 Kansas newspaper men and the fair will now divide the attention of the reading public for a few weeks with Kenneth Henderson.

The Populist ticket in Montgomery county is made up of three lawyers and a money lender and it keeps Mr. Young of the Star and Kansan, who has just begun to support the ticket, very busy explaining about the "octopus."

Well, we are not yet prepared to say that judges ought to receive railroad passes; are you, gentle reader? We have a well-defined notion that it is wrong. Of course perhaps, the writer hasn't a thoroughly "judicial" mind, and hasn't weighed the pros and cons as a judge on the bench might do.

Who would think that doctors, whom we look on as next to the ministers in moral uprightness, would scandalize themselves so in this state board of health matter? Just look at this sentence by Dr. Swartz: "There is \$200 for each of us in it [the cholera fund], let us keep mum until we have got all we can out of it."

As SHAKESPEARE says, there is good in everything; there is good in the Republican party; also bad; there is bad in the Populist party; also good; there is even some good in the Democratic party—very little, of course, because there is very little of the party, but if you will read the STATE JOURNAL, only ten cents a week, you will find out both the good and the bad in all the parties.

THE MAJOR MORRILL and Dick Blue, who started out on a very indistinct silver platform, heard the loud uprolling of voices from Republican ranks, and we are glad to state that they are out for free coinage of silver, sixteen to one. Well, why wasn't that put in the platform? The STATE JOURNAL advised at the time? We still think our foresight was wiser than the politicians' hindsight.

THE FOOLISHNESS of letting the Populists first declare for free coinage 16 to 1 is now apparent to some of the Republican managers who have had to hustle around and climb up on the band wagon after the process had started. We don't believe there is as much horse sense in political high places as there used to be.

IN SCENES OF YOUTH.

TALKING POLITICS, CROPS AND RELIGION IN INDIANA.

Attending a Good Old Fashioned Democratic State Convention—Touching the Chord of Memory—An Impish Hope—A Great Drought—The "Abundant Most."

[Special Correspondence.]

YEDDO, Ind., Aug. 30.—If there is one good thing more than another, it is an old fashioned rabble rousing Democratic state convention in Indiana such as I have recently enjoyed, and next to the convention is the fun of traveling through the country and hearing the people talk about it. And this is the talking season in the farming districts. County and district conventions of the four parties, county fairs, harvest home festivals, races, stock shows and old settlers' meetings follow each other in rapid succession, and the visiting newspaper man's daily life is a continuous round of cold chicken and homemade pickles, cold ham and biscuit, pound cake, pie and doughnuts, washed down with root beer and nonchrous lemonade.

Enjoyment? The word is inadequate to the fact. It makes me feel young again to sit at the root of a big tree and see the bountiful dinner spread on the top of a log or on the grass, to have it handed around by the ruddy farmers' daughters, to watch the children eat, and to eat and talk politics alternately. It is the same old blessed thing—the talk, I mean—about the hard times and the late drought, congress and the scarcity of money, the "amazin crop of mast" and the promise for fruit, the new preacher at "Yellow Heaven" church, the last baptizing and the next quarterly meeting. It is so reviving to hear the men talk about hard times just as they did 42 years ago, when I first rode the old brown mare to a Baptist association (no railroad and no Yeddo then) in the deep green woods of this vicinity. The old mare has been in horse heaven these many years, but it thrilled me with an emotion the city boy can never know when an old farmer called me to his wagon with, "Johnnie, I want to show you some of Old Roan's stock."

The Quakers are still here and holding their own. Some 60 years ago about 300 families of that faith came almost



HON. GEORGE W. COOPER.

in a body from Guilford county, N. C., and others soon followed, among them the father of Hon. Joe Cannon, bringing the future statesman with him. Their peculiar speech is like music in the ears of one familiar with it in childhood, and their greeting by Christian names touches a chord of memory that vibrates to an old, old music. It is: "John, this is Charity Brown, child of that Israel Brown that thee used to play with. Charity, thee remembers James B. This is his boy, John, just come from Washington." The "child" is 30 if she's a day, and the "boy" dates from Van Buren's administration, but it is all the same to the old Quakers, who knew both in infancy. "Friend Hadley, is thy boy up from his fever yet?" "So as to be stirring, Amos."

The state convention was only an average of its kind, but it was interesting to watch the delegates pouring in—the swarthy Hoosiers from the bottom lands of the Ohio and lower Wabash, the long and lank ruralists from "The Knobs," as the hilly region in the southeast is called, the wildly enthusiastic Democrats from Cooper's district and the more reserved and citified business men of the gas belt. If a well informed man had been brought here in a trance and awakened in the hall, he would have known at a glance that this was Indiana and these were Democrats. A third or more of the delegates were in their shirt sleeves, their coats hanging over the backs of the seats. On the platform only were there full dress and high dignity—district chairmen and convention officials in conventional black, and in the front center as chairman Governor Matthews, looking every inch a man and enjoying his ovation, for this was emphatically his day.

The convention's history need not be repeated, but a few political "straws" must be named, as they appear in the subsequent talk of the country people. The platform was as long as the moral law, and if any odds a little more radical than the national platform of 1892, and the most radical portions were most loudly cheered, was, with the governor, the hero of the day. The success of his bill for taxing greenbacks has filled the Hoosier Democratic breast with a wild, tumultuous joy. The governor's speech was the feature of the day. It is universally regarded as his platform for a future advance, and in the Democratic mind of this state he is already booked for a United States senator first and after that a Democratic nominee for president. Denunciation of the "conservative" senators was always in order, and the names of Gorman, Bruce and Hill were in conversation always joined with some perverted theological term and emphatic reference to the alleged destination of the finally impotent.

J. H. BRADLEY.

AT BRITISH HONDURAS.

A Breezy Sketch of an Unattractive Tropical Country.

[Special Correspondence.]

BALIZE, Aug. 15.—This town is built up right to the edge of the shore, and as one approaches it from the seaward in the daytime it looks very like a watering place on the south coast of England. The steamer threads its way through great clusters of mangrove trees, which grow up through the water. The passengers are taken ashore in small boats. In the distance the mangrove clusters appear like a group of tiny islands. They are called cays. Oysters, delicious of flavor, are to be found hanging to the submerged leaves of the trees.

The people here are bothered a great deal by the land crab, which at certain periods of the year comes down from the mountains with myriads of its kind and kin to take in the town and have a gay time generally. It is aggressive, ferocious of appearance, large of size and very hard shelled. Its appetite is at once epicurean and aesthetic. Flowers it eats up with true crustacean gusto. However, the Balizeites do all that lies in their power to discourage this esthetic and epicurean appetite by planting their flowers in old boats, big tubs and other receptacles where the appreciative crab will not be likely to get at them. It is really a great nuisance, and all the landscape gardeners have had to leave the country. Indeed in Balize the problem of the hour—nay, of nearly all the hours—is the crab problem.

The river Balize flows through the town in an apologetic, tired sort of way, as if the tropical heat made it sorry and ashamed for its existence. A broad wooden bridge spans it, which is scrubbed to cleanliness every morning by the convicts.

The Carib Indian squaw is the ugliest and most unalluring looking woman I have ever seen. One would hardly feel like stealing her. She arrays herself in gorgeously colored cotton goods which are imported for her benefit from the looms of the north of England. I have heard people talk of an ugliness so pronounced that when they gazed long enough upon it it gradually became picturesque and finally developed into beauty of the most alluring caliber. I wish these people would come to Balize with their powerful Poosike imaginations and gaze upon the Carib Indianess as she struts forth in full panache.

Balize is under British rule, but there is a feeling abroad that annexation to the United States would be very desirable. The chief traders here are Scotch, and it seems that as soon as they hear of a sufficiently mountainous pile they buckle up and "gang awa" hame to the land of kilts and cakes. The taking of nearly all the gold out of the country is, of course, grateful and soothing to the feelings of the canny and careful Scot, but it is bad for the people who have to live here altogether. Another thing, the laborers have to pay a gold price for the necessities of life, while they are paid for their labor only in the depreciated currency of the country, which has sunk down to just half its face value. Here, as elsewhere, it is bad to be a laborer.

The drive is along the shore. It looks like a race track, and after 4 in the afternoon the people close up their stores and turn out upon it in their driving rigs. There are some fine turnouts. The officers of the garrison often have races along the drive.

This is a bad place for the careful housewife who takes a pride in her furniture. The reason of this is because of a certain ant. This ant is little, but he is persevering, has a great many comrades and is awfully fond of toil. The toil that is dearest to his heart is to eat into the woodwork of household articles. He chews up the legs of the piano, and no one knows anything about it till the piano falls mournfully, with a dull, sickening thud. This is his lay. When the piano or table or whatever it is is placed up against the wall, he gets behind it and bores and bores till the crash arrives. Then he rushes off in a great hurry. He has not time to stop. He is too busy. He has to go and commence work somewhere else. The only way to checkmate him is to keep moving the furniture. But this is a hot country.

This might indeed be called the country of beautiful trees. There is the fragrant, which gives out a delicious fragrance; the almond tree, the huge mahogany and a great many others. But the most beautiful one of all is the flambeau tree. I never saw anything to equal it. Its leaves are a pale green, and its heavy blossoming is a red rich and brilliant. From a distance its effect is indescribable. The blossoming shines in and through the branches like a soft fire.

Luscious fruits are to be had in abundance—coconuts, mangoes, bananas, pineapples and others that grow in the tropics. But isn't always wise to eat them. Their names are quite often their most alluring part, for this is the land of fevers and shakes and sudden death, and one has to be careful.

When Balize is approached in the night time from the sea, the sight it presents is apt to produce a strange impression. Then it is filled with moving dancing lights. The moon shines upon it strongly and clearly. Stars of a glorious brilliance are all over the sky. Surrounding it are tall palms, their great leaves outlined against the clear tropical blue. One seems to look into the mystery of some gorgeous eastern city told of in Arab tales.

BART KENNEDY.

A Hot Stove Hole.

The usual temperature in the furnace room of the cruiser Minneapolis, where the fires are fed, when all the boilers are in use, is 105 degrees, which, however, is not surprising when you consider the enormous surface of the boilers, which is equal to an acre of ground, and the size of the furnaces which furnish 1,286 square feet of blazing coal. The men cool themselves with salt water from a spouting hose and drink oatmeal water while they are at work.

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SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian church—Preaching tomorrow by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Spiritualism—There will be the usual Sunday services at Lincoln post hall. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, conference at 11 o'clock. At 8 o'clock Rev. Searing will lecture, subject, "Duties of a Spiritual Life." After the lecture spirit tests or description of spirit.

At the United Presbyterian church, corner of 8th and Topeka avenues, Rev. M. F. McKirahan will preach at 11 o'clock his twelfth anniversary sermon, reviewing the past, discussing the present and forecasting the future. No evening service.

First Baptist church, corner Jackson and Ninth streets. Rev. Jas. F. Wells, pastor of Edgerton Baptist church of Kansas City, will preach at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Central church, corner of Huntoon and Buchanan streets, Charles M. Sheldon, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. subject, "The invitation of Jesus to the World of Labor." Evening service, 8 p. m., subject, "The Extent and Power of the Saloon in Civilization." First of a series.

Westminster Presbyterian church, corner Huntoon street and College avenue, Rev. E. S. Farrand, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. At the morning service a sermon will be preached to the children.

North Topeka Baptist church—Rev. W. B. Hutchinson, pastor. Morning subject, "Hope and Help." Communion at the close of the morning service. Evening subject, "Arranged to Care."

Mrs. C. W. Whitmore will lead the W. C. T. U. prayer meeting at the Presbyterian church parlor next Monday at 2:30 p. m.

First Church of God—Elder U. T. Turpin will preach his last sermon before going to Eldership at the hall, corner of Second and Montrose.

Oakland Presbyterian church—Morning service conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Childs, subject, "Hindrances to the Answer of Prayer." Evening, monthly temperance meeting. Address by R. B. Welch.

Rev. J. D. Botkin will preach at Lowman chapel Sunday at 8 p. m.

Brethren (Dunkard) church, Oakland. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. tomorrow by Elder Vaniman.

There will be a meeting of all the Sabbath school superintendents of the city regardless of denominations at the Y. M. C. A. rooms Monday evening, September 3, 8 o'clock